

# BRITTONS BOWRE OF Delights.

CONTAYNING

Many, most delectable and  
fine deuities, of rare Epitaphes, pleasant Poems,  
Pastoralls and Sonnets.

By N. B. Gent,



Imprinted at London by Richard Iohnes, at the Roh  
and Crowne, neere Saint Andrewes Church  
in Holborne, 1597.





# To the Gentlemen

Readers.



ENTLEMEN, I present you heere, in  
the Authors absence, with sundrie fine Deut-  
ses, and rare conceits, in English verse: by the  
names of Epitaphes, Poems, Pastorals and  
Sonets, some of worthines, & some of wātonnes,  
yet (all in my poore censure,) wittie, pleasant, & commendable:  
If any like you, (as I hope they will) partlie, for the well penning  
of them, but speciallie, for the Subter and worthinesse of the  
persons they doe concerne (though haplie) you esteeme the rest  
of lesse regard. I then haue my desire, and count my labour and  
charges well bestowed. I am (onclie) the Printer of them, chief-  
lie to pleasure you, and partlie to profit my selfe, if they prooue  
to your good liking: if otherwise, my hope is frustrate, my labour  
lost, and all my cost is cast away. Pardon mee (sweet gentle-  
men for my presumption, & protect me, I pray you, against those  
canelling find faults, that neuer like of any thing that they see  
Printed, though it be neuer so wel composed. And if you hap-  
pen iustlie to finde any fault, impute it (I pray you rather to bee  
committed, indeed, by the Printers negligence, then (otherwise)  
by any ignorance in the Author: So shall your poore Printer  
haue iust cause heereafter to be more carefull, & acknowledge  
himselfe most bounden (at all times) to doe you seruice to the  
utmost of his power.

Yours R. I. Printer.









## Amoris Lachrimæ.

*A most singular and sweet Discourse of the life and death  
of S. P. S. Knight.*



Among the woes of those vnhappie wights  
that haue let downe the torrows of their  
time,

Whose liues are most deuoid of al delights  
And passe in greele the pleasures of their  
prime:

Let me discourse the secrets of my care,  
More then conceite or sorrow can declare.

Some loose their wealth, it is a slender losse,  
My life hath lost the treasure of my trust:  
Some loose their health alas, a common crosse,  
My lifes delight is buried in the dust:  
Some loose their friends, it is no one mans wee,  
I lost a friend, such one there are no moe.

Some loose their loue, a sorrow neere the heart,  
In kinde affect the crosse of onely crosses:  
Some loose their liues, where sorrowes neuer part,  
Some loose themselves in thinking of their losses:  
More then my selfe is such a friend bereft me,  
All wealth, nor health, nor loue, nor life hath left me,

And shall I tell what kinde of man he was,  
Whom thus I lou'd: and neuer creature hated,  
Imagine first it doth my reason passe,  
Go write of him whom highest power created:



## AMORIS LACHRIMÆ,

For euerie part that vertue had desired,  
Ioy of the heauens, and of the world admired.

Yet as my heart for grieve and sorrow can,  
I wil describe the substance of his state,  
In childish yeares he was esteem'd a man,  
And halfe a man, more halfe a Magistrate,  
On whom the Arts and Muses so attended,  
As all, in all, for all, was he commended,

Whose wisdom was not seene in wanton toies,  
And though a wanton, yet not deuoid of wit,  
Of worldlie icasts he neuer made his ioyes,  
Although sometimes he had a taste of it:  
For let the best that liues doe what he can,  
In some things yet he shewes himselfe a man.

But if on earth there were a man diuine,  
For *Natures* gifts and *Vertues* secret grace,  
Then giue me leaue to say this loue of mine,  
Was heere too good to haue a dwelling place,  
But liues in heauen in some high Angels office,  
Where God himselfe doth vse him in his seruice.

To say yet more, what in effect he was,  
Let this suffice, in summe, he was a man.  
Whose heauenlie wisdom found the way to passe,  
More then the power of Wit or Reason can:  
In whose attempts the world thus well did know him,  
Nothing but death could euer overthrow him,

Comelie of shape, and of a manlie face,  
Noble in birth, and of a Princelie minde,  
Kinde in effect, and of a courtlie grace,  
Curteous to all, and carefull of the kinde:  
Value and Vertue, Learning, Bountie, Love,  
These were the parts that did his honour proue.

Whose



## AMORIS LACHRIMÆ.

Whose full perfection thus hath wisdom peased,  
His words were substance, and his deeds diuine,  
Reason the ground wheron his hope were raised,  
Labour his life, and learning was his line,  
Truth was his loue, and triall his itnent,  
Care his conceipt, and Honour his content,

He spake no worde, but cartied still his waight,  
He nothing did that euer tooke disgrace,  
He had no minde to muse vpon deceyte,  
He built in heauen his onelie byding place,  
He lou'd the Church where Saints do build the steeple,  
And fought the world where Angels are the people.

He trauid farre when he was neereft home,  
Where was no earth he could behold a Land,  
He saw a house without care, lime or lome,  
And sail'd the Seas where there was neuer sand:  
He sounded depths, without ere line or lead,  
And found out life, where other men were dead.

He fearde no foe, nor euer sought a friend,  
He knew no want, and made no care of wealth,  
He nought begun, but had a care to end,  
And neuer lou'd the honour had in stealth:  
By fire and sword he wonne his worthie fame,  
That had aduanc'd the honour of his name,

In all the skie he honoured but a starre,  
That was his course of all his kinde affection,  
Whose flame was neere, although the fire a farre,  
Gauc him the light of loues direction:  
He was so kind and constant where he loued,  
As once resolu'd, he could not be remoued.

His hand was free to helpe the needy hart,  
His heart was franke to fill the emptie hand,  
His most desire was, to reward desert,



## AMORIS LACHRIMÆ.

And holde vp state where honour could not stande;  
His onely ioy was honout of the fiede,  
To conquere men, and make the Captaines yeelde.

Much was his care, and of his Countrie most,  
Little his ioy, and in himselfe the least,  
All for his friend, did seeine but little cost,  
Yet to himselfe a little was a feast.

High was their happe that might but be about him,  
Death is their life, that mourne to be without him,

Now iudge the life in leauing such a ioy.  
The death in losse of such a daintie friend,  
What may remoue the roote of this annoy,  
Or how this grieve may euer haue an end,  
And if it be a care incurable,  
Thinke of the death where it is durable.

To liue in death is but a dying life,  
To die in life, is but a living death,  
Betwixt these two is such a deadlie strife,  
As make me draw this melancholike breath  
Wherein conceit doth liue so discontented,  
As neuer heart was euer so torment. d.

A torment onely made but for the minde,  
A minde ordainde but onelie to distresse,  
And such distresse as can no comfort finde,  
But leaues the heart to die remedlesse:  
And such a death as liueth to beholde,  
Ten thousand torments more then can be tolde:

Yet though my penne can neuer halfe expresse,  
The hideous torments of my heauir heart,  
Let me set downe some touch of my distresse,  
That some poore soule may helpe to beare a part  
That in extremities when we are wor begon vs,



## AMORIS LACHRIMÆ.

The world may weepe to sit and looke vpon vs.

Nature and Art are got about his graue.  
And there sit wailing of each others losse,  
Hard by the tombe sittes Sorrow in the caue,  
Cutting her heart to thinke on honours losse:  
And Wisdome weeping, wringing of her hands,  
To see the world in what a case it stands,

In this darke hole of death and heauinesse,  
Sits woful Beautie with her blubbred eyes,  
By her sits Loue, with Care all comfortlesse,  
Recording of his mothers miseries:  
Among the rest that wailes the losse of friends,  
Sits Patience pricking of her fingers ends.

From Pitties face doe fall the trickling teares,  
O torments such as teare the heart of Loue  
The Muses sit and rend their shriueled heares,  
To see the paine that Loue and Beautie prooue,  
Among them all how I am torne in sunder,  
And yet doe liue, confesse it is a wonder,

I liue, oh liue, alas I liue indeed,  
But such a life was neuer such a death,  
While fainting heart is but constrainde to feede,  
Vpon the care of a consuming breath:  
O my sweet Muse, that knowest how I am vexed,  
Paint but one passion how I am perplexed.

I call for death, but yet he will not heare me,  
I read my death, and rue my distinie,  
I see my death, but he will not come neere me,  
I feele my death, but yet I cannot die:  
But where nor death will kill, nor grieve be cured,  
Thinke what a death of deathes I haue endured,



## AMORIS LACHRIMÆ

Yet while I live in all this miserie,  
Let me goe quarrel with this cruell fate,  
Why death should doe so great an iniurie,  
Vnto the stay of such a happy state:  
At liuing things to make his leuell so,  
To kille a *Phoenix* when there were no more.

Oh cruell death what led thy hand awrie,  
To take the best and leaue the worst behinde;  
To youth thou art vntimelic distinie;  
Thou mightst haue beene a comfort to the blinde  
And end the aged of their wearie time,  
And not a youth in pride of all his prime.

Thou moughtest haue shot at such a wretched thought,  
As had past ouer all his pleasant yeares,  
And killed the heart that is consumed to nought,  
Which being tangled in these worldlie briers,  
But Beauties loue, and honours heart to bleed,  
Fie on thee death, it is too fowle a deed.

But well, the world wil curse thee to thy face,  
Beautie and Loue will to thy teeth defie thee,  
Honour and Learning draw thee in disgrace,  
Where no good thought shall euer once come nie thee  
And for my selfe to see the wo begune thee,  
Will pray to God all plagues may light vpon thee.

For I haue lost the honour of my loue,  
My loue hath lost the honour of my life,  
My life and loue doth such a passion prooue,  
As in the world was neuer such a strife  
Where secret death and sorrow are contented,  
To see sorrow of a heart tormented.

Thou camst too soone, but now thou comst too late,  
Thy force too great, but now it is too small,

Haile



## AMORIS LACHRIMAE

Halfe had in loue, but wholie now in hate,  
Desired of some, but curted now of all,  
Oft I confesse that I haue quakte before thee,  
But do thy worst, death now I care not for thee

But dost thou thinke thou canst thy selfe excuse,  
To say, alas, thou hast but done thine office,  
Vnhappie hand whom so the heauens dost vse,  
On such a Saint to execute thy seruice;  
But since it was the will of God to doe it,  
His will be done, I can but yeeld vnto it.

Yet for the care that Vertue hath conceyued  
For losse of him that was his dearest Loue,  
And for the death that honour hath receyued,  
Where patience doth the deadlie passions prooue,  
I cannot chose, although my heart would hide it,  
To shew my grieve so great I cannot bide it.

Oh that I had but so diuine a head,  
As could bewray the sorrowes of my breast,  
Or from the graue to raise againe the dead,  
And not offend my God in my request:  
Or by a prayer I might the grace obtaine,  
To see the face of my desire againe.

But al in vaine, my wishes not auailie,  
My words are winde and carrie none effect,  
And with my grieve I feeble my senses faile,  
That Fortune thus should crosse me in effect:  
As by the losse of one sweet heauenlie friend,  
My heart should die, and yet no dolor end.

End, no God wot, there is no end of grieve,  
Where sad conceit will neuer out of minde,  
And bootlesse hope to harpe ypon reliefe:  
Where care may lecke, and neuer comfort finde,



## AMORIS LACHRIMAE

For in the world I had no ioy but one,  
And all but death, now he is dead and gone.

Gone is my ioy, alas, and well-away,  
What shall I doe now al my loue is gone,  
All my delight is falne vnto decay,  
Onely but heauen I haue no hope vpon,  
Oh heauenlie powers take pittie of my crie,  
Let me not liue, and see my louer die;

Oh my loue, ah my loue, all my loue gone,  
Out alas, lillie wretch, wel-away, wo is me,  
Of a friend euer friend, such a friend none,  
In the world, through the world, may the world see  
Holy Saints, higher Powers, Heauens looke vpon me,  
Pittie me, comfort me, thus wo begone me.

My heauenlie loue, Heauens lou'd as wel as I,  
Heauen was his care, and heauen was his content,  
In heauen he liues in heauen he cannot die,  
From heauen he came, and to the heauens he went,  
Oh heauenlie Loue, heauens wil I looke for neuer,  
Till in the heauens I may beholde thee euer.

But what, me thinks I see a sudden chaunge,  
The world doth seeme to alter nature much,  
The state of things is to my reason straunge,  
And sorrowes such as there were neuer such:  
Such lacke of loue, such mourning for a friend,  
Such world of woes, as if the world should end.

Me thinks I see the *Queen* of kinde affect,  
Sighing and sobbing with such inward grieve,  
As he that could consider the effect,  
Might see a heart lie dead without reliefe  
And in conceit so overcome with care,  
It kills my heart to see her heauie fare:



## AMORIS LACHRIMÆ.

Me thinks I see a sight of armed horse,  
Led in by boyes as if the men were dead,  
Me thinks I heare men murmure of a corse,  
And gallant youths goe hanging of the head:  
Me thinks I heere a thunder in the aire,  
Bids farewell Hope and looke vpon Dispaire.

Me thinks I heare the trumpet, drum, and fife,  
Sound all a Morte, as if the world were doon,  
Me thinks I see th'end of happie life,  
Or second ioy since latter age begon:  
Me thinks I heare the horror of the crie,  
As if the day were come that all should die,

Oh what I heare, oh what I feele and see,  
Holde heart, helpe heauens, how can I longer liue,  
But in the heauens there is no holde for me,  
Not al the world can any comfort giue:  
When death doth of my dearest friend depriue me,  
What can remaine in comfort to reuiue me.

Yet for the world shal witnesse what thou art,  
Which in the world did leaue no like behind:  
I wil set downe though short of thy desert,  
The happie honour of thy heauenlie minde,  
And on thy tombe I will with teares engraue,  
The death of life that for thy lacke I haue.

Looke on the Hills how al the shepheards sit,  
Heauie to thinke vpon their honest friend,  
How *Phyllis* sits as one besides her wit,  
To see the sorrow of her shepheards end:  
Harke how the lambs goe blaying vp and downe,  
To see their shepheards carried to the towne.

Looke how the flock begin to leaue their feeding,  
While cruell beasts breake in among the sheepe,



## AMORIS LACHRIMÆ.

See how the heart of Loue doth lie a bleeding,  
That Mars was slaine while Venus was a sleepe,  
See how the earth is bare in euerie place,  
To see that death hath done the world disgrace

And *Corridon* poore sillie wretched swaine,  
Doth make such moane as if he should gce mad,  
Al in dispaire to see good dayes againe,  
To loose the ioy that on the earth he had:  
Who since the time he heard but of the wound,  
Liu'de like a ghest that goes vpon the ground,

And so forlorne abandonde all content,  
Keepes in the Caues where comfort is vnknowne,  
Borne but to liue, and onelie to lament,  
The dolefull life that by his death hath growne:  
Who in his life would let him know no cate  
But by his death all griefes that cuer are,

*Pan* in a rage hath broken all his pipes,  
*Pallas*, alas, sits poazing on a booke,  
Her Weeping eyes see how *Diana* wipes,  
And poore *Appollo* casts a pittceous looke:  
The Nymphes come in with such a wofull crying,  
As if that Loue at *Venus* lay a dying.

The Nightingale is stopped in her throte,  
And shriking Owles do make a fearefull noise,  
The dolefull *Kauens* sing a deadlie note,  
And little Wrennes the end of Eagles ioyes:  
The *Phoenix* droopes, and Falcons beate their wings,  
To heare how Swans of death and sorrow sings.

The trees are blasted, and the leaves doe wither,  
The daintie Greene is turnde to duskie gray,  
The gallant Vines are shrunk and gone togher,  
And al the flowers doo fade and fall away.

The



## AMORIS LACHRIMAE.

The springs are dried, and al the fish scale beated,  
And al good fruite the earth it selfe hath eaten.

Oh what a wo it is to see the woes,  
Where nought but wo is left to looke vpon,  
A grieve too great for Reason to disclose,  
And in effect a death to studie on:  
Where man and beasts, birds, fishes flowers and trees,  
Doe halfe the hope of all their comfort leese,

When on the earth was euer such a sight,  
Hardlie the world can such a sorrow haue:  
Meuer did death more seaze vpon delight,  
Then when this Knight was carried to his graue:  
Which when I saw, so neere my heart I set,  
As while I liue I neuer can forget.

First comes the brother al in mourning blacke,  
Mourning in deede in bodie and in minde,  
Foulding his armes, as if his heart would cracke,  
Feeling the death that Loue and Nature finde:  
Looking vpon the last of his delight,  
Oh heauenly God it was a pitteous sigh.

The Schollers come with *Lachrimis Amoris*,  
As though their hearts were hopelesse of reliefe,  
The Souldiers come with *Conitus Clamor*,  
To make the heauens acquainted with their grieues:  
The noble Peeres in *Ciuitatis portis*,  
In hearts engrauen come in with *Dolor mortis*.

The straungers come with *Oh che male sorte*,  
The seruants come with *Morte di la vita*,  
The secret friends with *Morte piu che morte*,  
And alj with these *Felicitas finitas*  
Now for my selfe, *Oh dolor infernalis*  
*Da videre morte, & non da viuere tale.*

Now



## A MORIS LACHRIMAE.

Now if the grieve of all the world be great,  
How great is his that is the grieve of all,  
Who doth in thoughts more deadlie pangs repeate,  
Then euer did to all the world befall,  
Whose paines and passions onely doe approoue,  
The onelic true Anotomie of loue,

But since I see there is no remedie,  
What God will haue, must neuer be withstooded  
And Male-content is but a maladie,  
That may consume, but can doe little good:  
I will to God referre my whole reliefe,  
In heauenly care of my vnhappie grieve.

And on my knees beseech his holy will,  
To cast on me those sweet and louing eyes,  
That heale the heart of euerie hateful grieve,  
And giue the life where comfort neuer dyes:  
And where my heart is gone, my hope may thether,  
That faith and loue may liue in heauen together,

But till my soule may see that heauenly sweete,  
Where Vertue doth her dearest loue embrace:  
Where comfort, Care, and Kinde affect may meete,  
And haue the ioy to see each others face:  
Vpon thy tombe I will these words set downe,  
That al the world may read of thy renowne.

FINIS.

*A pleasant*





## POEMS AND SONETS.

### *A pleasant Poem.*

**A** Angels haue not their honour for their hue,  
**N** No beautie like the vertue of the minde,  
**N** No life to loue that cannot prooue vntrue,  
**E** Esteeme the comfort of the highest kinde.

**P** Pure is the minde that cannot meane amisse,  
**A** And sweete the life that is maintaine by loue,  
**R** Rare is the heart where such affection is,  
**K** Kinde the conceipt that doth such honour prooue,  
**E** Excellence rare that wit and Reason winneth;  
**R** Reade but each letter as the line beginneth,

*Finis. A. P.*

### *Another.*

**T** Time made a stay when highest powers wrought,  
**R** Regard of Loue where vertue had her grace,  
**F** Excellence rare of euerie beautie sought,  
**N** Notes of the heart where honour had her place,  
**T** Tried by the touch of most approoued trueth,  
**A** A worthie Saint to serue a heauenlie Queene,  
**M** More faire then she that was the fame of youth,  
**E** Except but one, the like was neuer scene.

*Finis, Trentaine.*

### *Another.*

**G** Good is the best, the most can say no more,  
**A** And yet is good, and better, and the best,  
**R** Reason requires the best be set before,  
**R** Regard of loue findes reason in the rest,  
**E** Except the best: in euerie good excepted,  
**T** Though better serue the good may be accepted,

*Finis Garat.*



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How great is his that is the griefe of all,  
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**E** Except the best: in euerie good excepted,  
**T** Though better serue the good may be accepted,

*Finis Garet.*



## PLEASANT POEMS,

### *A sweet Pastoral.*

**G**ood Muse rocke me a sleepe with some sweet harmonie  
This wearie eye is not to keepe, thy warie companie,  
Sweet loue be gone a while, thou knowest my heauines,  
Beautie is borne but to beguile my heart of happines.  
See how my little flocke that lou'd to feede on hie,  
Do head-long tumble downe the rock, & in the vallie die.  
The bushes and the trees, that were so fresh and greene,  
Doe all their daintie colour leese, and not a leese is scene.  
The Black-bird & the Thrush, that made the woods to ring,  
With all the rest are now at hush, and not a note they sing.  
Sweet *Philomela* the bird, that hath the heauenly throte,  
Doth now, alas, not once afford recording of a note.  
The flowers haue had a frost, each hearbe hath lost her saour,  
And *Phyllida* the faire hath lost, the comfort of her faour,  
Now all these carefull sights, so kill me in conceit,  
That how to hope vpon delights, it is but meere deceit.  
And therefore my sweete Muse, that knowst what helpe is best  
Do now thy heauenlie cunning vse, to set my heart at rest.  
And in a dreame bewray, what fate shal be my friend,  
Whether my life shal still decay, or when my sorrow end.

### *Of Trueth, Wisdome, Vertue and Loue.*

**T**rueth shewes her selfe in secret of her trust,  
Wisdome her grace in honour of her loue:  
Vertue her life where loue is not vniust,  
Loue is the sweet that dath no sorrow prooue,

Trueth hath in hate to heare a fained tale,  
Wisdome doth frowne where Follie is in place:  
Honor is gone where beautie is too small,  
And Vertue lyes where loue is in disgrace,

I leaue your trueth to your desired trust,  
Your wisdome to the wonder of the wise:  
Your highest ioy to iudgement of the iust,

Where



## PASTORALS AND SONETS,

Where Vertue liues, and Vertue neuer dies.

And he vouchafe you, that all trueth preferueth,

What Trueth of Loue, and Loue of Trueth deserueth,

### *Rare Newes.*

**N**Ewes from the heauens, all warres are at an end,  
Twixt higher Powers, a happie peace concluded,  
Fortune and Faith are sworne each others friend,  
And Loues desire shall neuer be deluded.

Time hath set downe the compasse of his course,  
Nature her worke, and Excellence her art:  
Care his content, and Crueltie his curse,  
Labour his desire, and Honour his desert.

Words shalbe deedes, and men shall be diuine,  
Women, all Saints or Angels in degrees:  
Cloudes shall away, the Sunne shall euer shine,  
Heauens shall haue power to hinder none of these.  
These are the Articles of the conclusion,  
Which when they fall, then looke for a confusion.

### *Of a wearie life.*

**W**Ho can delight in such a wofull sound,  
Or loues to heare a Laie of dire Lament,  
What note is sweete when grieve is all the ground,  
Discords can yeeld but onelie discontent.  
The wretch is wrung that straines each string too farre,  
And strifes the stops that giue each stroke a iarre,

Harsh is, alas, the harmonie God knowes,  
When out of tune is almost euerie string:  
That sound vnswet that all of Sorrow growes,  
And sad the Muse that so is forc't to sing,



## PLEASANT POEMS,

But some doe sing but that for shame would crie.  
So doth my Muse, and so I sweare doe I.

Good-Nature weepes to see her selfe abusde,  
Ill fortune shewes her furie in her face,  
Poore Reason pines to see himselfe refusde,  
And Dutie dies to see his sore disgrace:  
Hope hangs his head to see dispaire so neere  
And what but death can end this heauie cheere,

But hold, each teare no token of a toy,  
But torment such as teare my heart a sunder,  
Each sobbing sigh a signe of such annoy,  
As how I liue, belecue me t'is a wonder,  
Each grone a gripe that makes me gaspe for breath,  
And euerie straine a bitter pangue of death.

Loe, thus I liue, but looking still to die,  
And still I looke, but still I see in vaine,  
And still in vaine, alas, I lie and crie.  
And still I crie, but haue no ease of paine:  
So still in paine I liue, looke, lie and crie,  
When hope will helpe, or death wil let me die,

*Of his vnhappy state of life,*

**I** Feuer man did liue in Fortunes scorne,  
Whose ioyes doe faile that feeble distresse in minde:  
Whose yeares with cares, whose eies with teares be  
That in each part, all parts of grieve doth finde: (swolne,  
To grace his ill, send such a man to me,  
That am more haplesse then himselfe can be.

For good desert that is vnkindlie vsed,  
For seruice, loue and faith that findeth hate:  
Who in his Mistresse eyes is most refused,  
Whose comforts faile, whose succours come too late!  
If that man liue, that in his life finds this,  
Know he may chance for my hap harder is.



## PASTORALS AND SONETS.

If damning vowes be but as dreames regarded,  
And constant thoughts as shewes of custome taken:  
If any man for loue be thus rewarded,  
And hath his hopes for these vnrights forsaken:  
Let him see me whose like hath neuer beene,  
Kild by those wrongs, and yet by death vnscene.

Then by this riual of my such dispise,  
With much desire shal seeke my name to know:  
Tell him my lines strange things may well suffice,  
For him to beare, for me to seeke them so:  
And t'was enough that I did finde such euils,  
And t'were too much that Angels should be diuells.

### *His complaint against Loue and Fortune.*

**I**F Heauen and earth were both not fullie bent,  
To plague a wretch with an infernall paine:  
To robbe the heart of all his high content,  
And leaue a wound that should not heale againe,  
If cruell Fortune did not seeke to kill,  
The carefull spirit of my kinde affect:  
And care did not so crucifie me still,  
That loue had left no hope of his effect,  
If she whom my heart hath euer loued,  
Were not vnkinde in care of my distresse:  
And she by whome my grieve might be remoued,  
Did not holde backe the meane of my redresse,  
If all these thoughts and many thousands moe,  
Too long to tell, too deadlie to endure,  
Did not consume my heart in sorrow so,  
That care hath left no hope of any cure:  
Then might I yet amid my greatest grieve,  
Perswade my patience with some heauenly power,  
That when I most despaire of my reliefe,  
My hopelesse heart might find some happie hower,  
But since that Fortune so doth frowne vpon me,  
That care hath thus of comfort all bereft me:



## PLEASANT POEMS,

Thinke it not strange to see me wo begone me,  
 Where no good hope of no good hap is left me.  
 And since I see all kindenesse so vnkinde,  
 And friendship growne to such contrarie thought;  
 And such a thought the torment of the minde,  
 That care and sorrow hath consumed to nought,  
 I will resolute, though patience be perforce,  
 To sit me downe, and this in secret crie:  
 Dead is my heart, oh earth receiue my corse,  
 Heauen be my life, for in the world I die.

*In the praise of his penelope.*

**V**hen Authors write God knowes what thing is true  
 Olde Homer wrote of fine Vlisses wit,  
 And Ouid wrote of Venus heauenlie hue,  
 And Ariosto of Orlando's fit.  
 One wrote his pleasure of Caliope,  
 I am to write of sweete Penelope.

And where each one did shew a secret vaine,  
 And whether that Vlisses were or not,  
 And thought hat Ouid did but onelic faine,  
 And Ariosto set downe many a blot.  
 And some wrote loudlie of Caliope,  
 I write but truth of sweet Penelope.

And if I had Vlisses skilfull sconce,  
 With Homers pen and Ouids heauenly voyce,  
 I would set downe a wonder for the nonce,  
 To set them all a newe to worke againe,  
 And he that wrote of his Caliope,  
 Should hush to heare of this Penelope.

As true as she that was Vlisses wife,  
 As faire as she, whom some a Goddesse faine,  
 A Saint of shape, and of more vertuous life,  
 Then she for whom Orlando Knight was slain.



## PASTORALS AND SONETS.

In euerie thing aboute *Caliope*,  
There is none such as sweete *Penelope*.

And for this time go looke the world that wil  
For constant faire, for vertue and good grace,  
For euerie part in whom no part is ill,  
For perfect shape, and for a heauenlie face,  
*Angellica, Venus, Caliope*,  
All are but blowes vnto *Penelope*.

*A poeme.*

(ker for)

**L**ooke not too long vpon those looks, that blinds the ouerloo (more  
& if you speak, speak not to much, lest speaking once thou speak no  
think not but what it is to think, to reach beyod the reach of thought,  
And if you do, do what you can, when you haue done you can do nought,  
But if you see against your will, looke but away and be not flaine,  
And if a worde goe vnawares, with care it may be calde a gaine.  
And for a thought it is not hurt, except it grow vnto a thing,  
But to vndoo that hath beene done, is onely conquest of a King.  
But since in thee, O silly wretch, both sight, & speech, & thought & deed  
By reason of a wrong conceit, doe but thy owne confusion breed. (head  
Shut vp thy eyes, seale vp thy tongue, lock vp thy thought, lay downe thy  
And let thy Mistresse see by this, how loue hath strooke her seruant dead,  
And that but in her heauenlie eye, her word, her thought and onely will  
Doth rest therein, to kill the quite, or els to cure thee of this ill.

*A Poeme.*

**P** Owre downe poore eyes the teares of true distresse.  
**H** Heare but (oh Heauens) the horror of my crie,  
**I** Iudge of the care that can haue no redresse,  
**L** Let me not liue and see my louer die.  
In sorrowes rules, like sorrow neuer read,  
**P** Phillip Sweet-Knight, sweet Phillip Sidney dead,

**P**aine more then Art or Nature can expresse,  
**H** Hell to the world to loose a heauenly friend,  
**I** Joy is become but sorrow and distresse,



## PLEASANT POEMS,

Life with my Loue let death and dolor end:  
In bitter teares hath heart of honor bleed,  
Past hope of helpe to see perfection dead,

### A Poeme.

**P** Peace all the world, your weeping is but vaine,  
**H** Heauen hath the hope of honour all away:  
**I** Joy but in heauen to meet that hope againe,  
**L** Lincke with the life that neuer can decay.  
**I** In this alone all hope of comfort lies,  
**P** Perfection onely liues in **P**aradice,

### A Poeme.

**P** Perfection peerles, Vertue without pride.  
**H** Honour and Learning lincke with highest Loue,  
**I** Joy of the thought in true discretion tride,  
**L** Loue of the life that highest honour prooue.  
**I** In Angels armes with heauenly hands embraced,  
**P** Paradise pleased, and all the world disgraced,

**S** Seeke all the world, oh seeke and neuer finde,  
**I** In earthlie mould the mount of such a minde:  
**D** Diuineſt gifts that God on man beſtoweth,  
**N** No glorie ſuch as of ſuch glorie groweth.  
**E**nd of the ioyes that hath all grieve begoon,  
**Y** Yet let me weepe when all the world is doon.

### *Vpon a ſcoffing laughter giuen by a Gentlewoman.*

**L** augh not too much, perhaps you are deceyued,  
**A**ll are not fooles that haue but ſimple faces:  
Miſts are abroad, things may be miſconceyued,  
**F**rumps and diſdaines are fauours in diſgraces.  
Now if you doe not know what meane theſe ſpeeches,  
**F**ooles haue long coates, and Moonkies haue no breeches.

**C**ome againe, why what grace is this,

**L**augh.



## PASTORALS AND SONETS.

Laugh a man out before he can get in:  
 Fortune so crosse, and fauour so amis  
 Doomsday at hand before the world begin,  
 Marie sir then but if the weather holde,  
 Beautie may laugh, and Loue may be a colde.

Yet leaue betimes your laughing too too much,  
 Or finde the Foxe, and then begin the chase:  
 Shut not a Rat within a sugar butch,  
 And thinke you haue a Squirrell in the place,  
 But when you laugh let this goe for a iest,  
 Seeke not a Woodcoke in a Swallowes nest.

### *A sweet contention betweene Loue, his Mistresse and Beautie.*

**L**oue and my Mistresse were at strife who had the greater power on me  
 Betwixt them both, oh what a life nay what a death is this to be,  
 She sayd she did it with her eye; he said he did it with his dart,  
 Betwixt them both (a lillie wretch) t'is I that haue the wounded hart  
 She said she onely spake the word, that did enchant me pearing sence,  
 He said, he onely gaue the sound, that entred hart without defence  
 She said they were her onely haire, on which the daintie Muses waite:  
 He said he was the onely meane, that entred Muses in conceit,  
 she said her Beautie was the marke, that did amaze the highest minde:  
 He said he onely made the mist, whereby the senses grew so blinde.  
 She said, that onely for her sake, the best would venture life and lim:  
 He said she was too much decciue'd, they honoured her because of him  
 Long while, alas, she would not yeeld, but it was she that rul'd the roome  
 Vntill by prooffe she did confesse, if he were gone her ioy was lost,  
 And then she cried oh daintie Loue, I now doe finde it is for thee,  
 That I am lou'd and honoured both, & thou hast power to conquer me  
 But when I heard her yeeld to Loue, oh how my heart did leape for ioy  
 That now I had some little hope, to haue an end of mine annoy,  
 For though that Fancie Beautie found, a power all too pitilesse,  
 Yet Loue would neuer haue the hart, to leaue his seruant comfortlesse  
 But as too soone before the field, the trumpets sound the overthrow,  
 So all too soone I ioyed too much, for I awaked and nothing so.



## PLEASANT POEMS

*A Sonnet to the tune of a bone, a bone.*

**C**ome solemne Muse and helpe me sing,  
A dolefull note, a dying song,  
What wretched cares my heart doe wring,  
To see how death hath done me wrong.

For I haue lost (oh deadlie woe)  
My iem, my ioy, my life, my loue,  
And in the world there is no mo,  
Can heale the paine that I doe prooue,

My sweet affections all are fled,  
Desires delights, and all are gone,  
My heart is sicke, my hope is dead,  
And onlie death to looke vpon,

These secret cares so kill my heart,  
With inward gripes of inward grieve  
That how can sorrow euer part,  
Where is no hope to haue reliefe,

But helpelesse hopelesse still I lie,  
Consuming so in secret care,  
That who doth liue and would not die,  
To looke vpon my heauie fare,

But all in vaine I make this moane,  
Where nothing can my grieve release,  
For I am onely left alone,  
To sorrow still and neuer cease,

But sorrow now euen doe thy wurst,  
For death in fine will be a friend:  
For I doe know my heart will burst,  
And then thy force will haue an end,



## PASTORALS AND SONETS.

*In commendation of the maides of Honour.*

**F**Aire, is to base for *Natures* excellence,  
Rich, all too meane for such a mind of treasure:  
All, but too few to doe her reuerence,  
Vertue her selfe doth loue her out of measure,  
No earthlie coast containeth such a treasure,  
Choose by the heavens, to shew the earth a wonder:  
Ioy of the earth, the miracle of Nature,  
Sent to the wise to set all wits a sunder,  
How farre she is above all humane sence,  
Aske of the Gods, for men cannot discernet:  
When such I finde her secret excellence,  
As wit and reason are too weake to learne.  
Rare is the worke that *Nature* thus hath ended;  
Daintie the end that cannot be amended,

*Diana Virgin, her complaint to the Goddesse Diana.*

**O**H swtete *Diana* that dwelst among the Nymphs,  
In whom the fire of *Nature* hath no force:  
Whose heauenlie eye beholds those sillie imps,  
Whose ruthfull harts doe sue for thy remorse,  
Vouchase, oh saint, from that pure hand of thine,  
Some pities helpe, to this poore hart of mine,

Was it my fault that *Cupid* found the meane,  
First to creepe in, into thy quiet court,  
My hope was cleare, my comfort had beene cleane,  
From any hap of such vnhappy hurts  
But well I see amid the greatest cares,  
A sudden hurt may slippe in vnawares,

Alas, alas, full little did I thinke,  
The little thing had had so great a power  
I thought him blind when he did onely winke  
And sweet his thoughts, that fall out deadlie sower.



## BRITTONS VISION.

But since I was thus trapped in this traine,  
Once set my heart at libertie againe.

But Ladie say, is loue of such a force,  
That onelie death must heale the desperate wound:  
In heauenlie thoughts, hath reason no remorse,  
In cure of loue was neuer comfort found.  
Hath Cupid force to come and coniure thee,  
Oh no, alas, it is to conquer me.

T'was I, t'was I, that onelie had the hap,  
To take the hurt the wretched Traitor wrought;  
T'was onelie I, that caught the secret clap,  
While carefull faith with cruell fancie fought,  
T'was I *Diana*, and t'is onelie I,  
Whom thou must helpe, or els I yeeld to die.

*Brittons Vision of Cupids complaint against his fowle  
Father Vulcan for begetting him.*

**V** Ithin the thicke of most vnquiet thoughts,  
Where Wit and Will had long each other lost:  
With carefull sence of sweet desire I sought,  
Which was the way that Fancie followed most:  
And passing on the path that they did prooue,  
Plodding along I met with pittious Loue,

Wholie disarmde, and hanging downe the head,  
Blinded: oh no, but all with blubbred eyes:  
Falne in the face with colour pale and dead,  
Wringing his hands in such a wofull wise,  
That when I saw how she had wept and cried,  
Cruellie I thought the wretch would their haue dyed.

But when I saw the little thing alone,  
Farre from himselfe thus wander too and froe  
And when I heard how he did still bemoane,  
Some hidden cause that I desire to know.

Close



## BRITTONS VISION.

Close in conceite, I hid my selfe to heare,  
What was the cause of this his heauie cheare.

Thus as a fat close hidden from his sight,  
Of luckelesse Loue Lamenting of his losset  
This sillie wretch in this most sorrowed plight,  
With sighes and sobs, and greuous grones God wot,  
Curling and banning Beauties generation,  
Thus did begin his wotull lamentation.

Oh haplesse hower when first my mother made,  
The cursed match with that vncomelie Smith:  
Whose smokie Forge hath made her beautie fade,  
As farre vnfit for her to meddle with.  
Whose tilthie face doth set forth such a feature,  
As hel it selfe hath scarce so fowle a creature.

But what conceite her frantike fancie feade,  
To match with him that was so fowle a match:  
Alas, alas, was Mercurie so dead,  
So great a Prince to looke on such a patch.  
Needes must she thinke as she did after prooue,  
Vulcan was not a man for Venus loue.

Oh smokie fowle ilfaunred filthie theefe,  
How could thy minde so high a matter mooue:  
How could thy heart haue hope to finde reliefe,  
Looke on thy selfe, and neuer looke for loue.  
So faire, so fowle, such contraries agree,  
Reason would sweare that it should neuer bee.

Better I vveare to be a bastard borne,  
Then haue a Father of so fovle a hue:  
Rather I vvish that thou shouldst vveare the horne,  
Then that the vvorld should thinke it to be true.  
That Cupid sweet should haue so fovle a Sire,  
And haue his face still soyled in the fire.



## BRITTONS VISION.

See wretched dogge the summe of thy disgrace,  
First thou haste wrought my mother great defames:  
Next thou haste set a marke vpon thy face,  
That all the world doth laugh to heare thy name:  
And last for me they say how can it bee,  
That he was sonne to such a slaue as hee.

But sie vpon the filthie face of thine,  
Those mouldie chaps to touch my mothers face:  
I doe protest my conscience doth repine,  
That thou shouldst kisse her in another place:  
But vglie beast into some hole goe hide thee,  
For Leautie sweares that Loue cannot abide thee.

Oh Mars, oh Marss where are those stately strokes,  
That left the field so ouerflowen with blood:  
That cloue downe hils, and threw downe sturdie Cks.  
And made the aire com thundring through the wood:  
Art thou so weake with bending of one blade,  
Thou canst not breake the chaine that *Vulcan* made.

Vp man, arise and shew thy manly strength,  
Least that the *Smith* doe seeke my mothers shames:  
Lie not too long, least sluggish slouth at length,  
Seeke by desert the honour of thy name:  
*Vulcan* is gone, but *Cupid* hath a file,  
To loose the locke that may the *Smith* beguile.

But come away, for looke where *Vulcan* comes,  
But thou art loose, now let him doe his wurst:  
Looke how the theefe comes biting of his thumbs,  
Curling the happe that hath his cunning burst.  
But let him some and bristle like a bore,  
Let him be sure to catch thee so no more.

But mother sit, what fond affect was that,  
To looke on *Vulcan* in the vaine of Loue?

Confesse



## BRITTONS VISION.

Confesse a trueth, you did you knew not what,  
What patience would so vile a matter prooue.  
Was want of sight that wrought your ouerthrow,  
Why then (alas) should I be blinded so.

But mother, no: there is another thing,  
Who is so blinde as they that will not see?  
A base conceite sometime may stoop a King,  
I see in some that see not into mee.  
Better it is with beautie to be blinded,  
Then Beauties grace to be blindly minded.

But well you know it was no worke of mine,  
Follies effect committed all the fault:  
Although your words haue made poore Cupid whit  
To say that I was Authour of the Act:  
But will or nill I must my selfe content,  
For parents faults poore children must be shent,

I am the childe, I cannot but confesse,  
The world doth say that I am *Venus* sonne:  
By whom begot I heare of nothing lesse,  
But might I heare by whome the deed was donne:  
In such desire as might the world desie,  
There could not liue a gladder man then I,

Once *Vulcans* sonne I know I cannot bee,  
*Mars* was the man came neerer to the market  
As for the Smith it neuer could be hee,  
A bunting neuer could beget a Larke.  
Oh no, the world is much deceiu'd in mee,  
I hope to finde another petegree.

I am the sonne of secret sweet conceite,  
Got by Desire, and bred vp by desire:  
Nurst by the minde that neuer meant deceite,  
For with the fauour of a faithfull heart.

High



## BRITTONS VISION

High from the heauens I tooke my happie name,  
Where *Venus* liues, and *Vulcan* neuer came,

Begot I was in *Amor* out of minde,  
Borne in a countrie that no creature knowes;  
Bred in a world that worldlings cannot finde,  
Fed with a fruite that in no garden growes,  
Lodgde in an eye that neuer can destroy me,  
Kept in a heart that neuer can come nigh me,

Loe, thus I live, vvhere I can neuer die,  
Fearing no hap, nor looking after hope;  
Pleasing my selfe vvith pleasures farre and niet  
Wanting no vvish vvhere vvill hath such a scope;  
Gouerning all, vvhere none can gouerne me,  
Oh vvhat a King may daintie *Cupid* be.

Then leaue to mourne, and let the world perceiue,  
That Poets fancies are but fained fables,  
And Ouid did but studie to deceiue,  
such kinde conceite as loue such foolish bables;  
For he that lookes into *Minervas* ioy,  
Shall say that *Cupid* is a daintie boy.

With that me thought the little yvagge arose,  
And gathered colour pretilie in his face;  
And stands me vp a tip toe on his toes,  
Vaunting himselfe vvith such a *Venus* grace;  
As droue my heart into so great a laughter,  
That I avooke, and neuer savv him after.

*Brittons second Dreame, of Venus complains  
when she lost her sonne Cupid.*

**B**Vt sorrow thus to loose the sight of loue,  
Scarce vvell I vvakt I fell a sleepe againe:  
In hope the heauens would some odde humor mone,  
To shew the fruits of such a sleepe vaine.

And



## BRITTONS D REAME.

And scarce a sleepe strange visions did ensue,  
Yet not so strange but that they may be true,

Hard by the place where I had *Cupid* scene,  
Me thought I saw a heauenlie kinde of creature,  
Of stature tall, of countenance like a Queene,  
Exceeding faire, and of so sweet a feature:

That when I stood to view her statelie grace,  
Me thought indeed I saw an Angels face.

Attirde she was in garments white as snow,  
Saue on her arme she wore a *Tawnie* lace:  
In her right hand she bare a bended bowe,  
And at her backe an emptie Arrow case:

Little she said that I could heare at first,  
But sight and sobd as if her hart would burst,

But yet at last with sad and heauie looke,  
She tooke the bow and flung it on the ground:  
And from her backe the emptie case she tooke,  
Which with the lace vnto the bow she bound,  
Then downe she sat within a thadie vale,  
And to her selfe she tolde this heauie tale.

Was euer wretch or creature so beguilde,  
To loose the lewell of his chiefest ioy:  
Can *Venus* choose but sorrow for her childe,  
No, no, my darling was a daintie boy:  
But Mars, oh Mars, what ment he to come hither,  
For Mars and he are gone away together.

These little things were wont to be his armes,  
But now the wag hath throwne these toyes away:  
And thinks himselfe amid the thickest harmes,  
In onelie hope to finde a happie day:

Oh hawtie reach of honours high renowne,  
That throws the sence of sweetest honors downe:



## BRITTONS DREAME.

But my sweet boy when first these hands did binde thee,  
I knew each way that thou wert wont to goe,  
And when this heart (vnhappie) did vnbinde thee,  
A little thought thou shouldst haue raunged so,  
But come againe good wretch let me intreate thee,  
And I protest thy mother will not beat thee.

But turne againe and tell me ere thou goest,  
Doeſt thou intend to doe some royall thing:  
Let this suffice that I am sure thou knowest,  
My hart could wish that thou wert made a king,  
God send thy hart the height of thy desire,  
Hope, hap, & heauen, and who can wish thee hier.

And therewithall she did those teares let fall,  
That shewd the warre where Loue and reason fought,  
Whose colour pale shewed somewhat did appall,  
Her patient heart with some vnhappy thought,  
And so sweet Saint with sorrow ouercome,  
She stood amaz'de as she were stricken dombe,

Then I beheld a sight of daintie Nymphes,  
Did straight before her statelie eyes appeare:  
And downe on knees fell all these heauenlie impes,  
To comfor her amid her heauie cheare.  
And when she heard that euerie one had spoken,  
Peace, peace, quoth she, for Beauties hart is broken,

Alas, alas, ye little sillie things,  
God knowes, I know, full little doe you know  
What doe belong vnto the state of Kings,  
What sees them vp, or seekes their onerthrow.  
What kinde of care doe breed their sorrow most,  
What death is life where dearest friends are lost.

But wish I yet I had but such a friend,  
As by desert delight did holde full deare:

And



## BRITTONS DREAME.

And feare by force did see his fatall end,  
Yet no conceite could serue to keepe him heare:  
Would it not griene each vaine within her hart,  
To see so sweet and deare a friend depart,

Then let this be a sparke of all my paine,  
Alas, alas, tis but a sparke in deed:  
My sorrow sinks into so deepe a vaine.  
As makes the heart of highest fauour bleed,  
The chiefest staffe of my assured stay,  
With no small griefe is gone, is gone away.

My Cupid was to me a childe of loue,  
But no such babe as ioyed in childrens bables:  
For inarke his life, his minde would soone approoue,  
Such feined fancies were but *Ouids* fables.  
Who was as far from knowing my *Cupido*,  
As faithfull loue is farre from foule *Libido*,

As neuer liued by deeds of vaine desire,  
Nor wrapt himselfe in Carpets of conceite &  
But hautie fame had set his heart on fire,  
To shew the minde that neuer ment deceite.  
But seekes by harne to pull ambition downe,  
That wrought by force to wring me from the crowne,

O care, most care, and worthie kinde regard,  
O rare regard, and worthie high renowne:  
O high renowne that rightlie maist reward,  
The carefull heart to keepe me in my crowne.  
And honour seekes where due desert may beare it,  
Which wonne by force, with fauour he shall weare it,

Wherewith, me thought, I heard a sudden larme,  
To horse, to horse, the *Caualiers* cried,  
And after that a crie of arme, arme arme,  
And downe they ranne vnto a riuer side,



## PLEASANT POEMS,

Where I might heare the trumpet, drumme and fife,  
Sound vp the bonour of a Souldiers life.

Anon I saw the shippet draw nie the shore,  
And all aboard went horse and man apace:  
Wherelaunching out the Gunnes shot of so sore,  
As where I stood did seeme to shake the place.  
And Trumpets shrill so sounded on the streame  
As I awooke, and all was but a dreame,

### *A deuice of Diogenes Tubbe.*

**D**iogenes was tearmed but a dogge,  
Tide to a tubbe where lay out little treasure:  
Who for his life was counted but a Hogge,  
That knewe no part of any worldlie pleasure.  
What sayd the King yet in his greatest throne,  
Eithers himselfe Diogenes, or none.

For when the King did bid him aske and haue,  
His minde was not of any masse of wealth:  
He askt no more then other Creatures haue,  
The chiefest comfort of his happie health.  
Take not away (quoth he) thou canst not giue,  
Out of the Sunne, for by the same I liue.

The good poore soule doth thinke no creature harme,  
Onelie he liues obscurelie in the Tunne,  
Most is his care to keepe his carkas warme,  
All his delight to looke vpon the Sunne:  
And could the heauens but make the Sunne to know him  
He should not liue should keepe his shining fro him,

### *A Metaphor.*

**A** Little fire doth make the Faggot burne,  
When blowing much will put the fier out:  
Silence but feld doth serue the Louers turne,  
And too much suite, for fauour hath a floute,

**Then**



## PASTORALS AND SONETS.

Then let thus much suffice for my desire,  
The smallest blowing make the greatest fire.

Conceite is quicke, would I so were sweet content,  
Eyes hath a glaunce of too too great a grace:  
Spirits do speake in silence of intent,  
And thoughts are spirits of a secret place.  
In silence then let heart in sunder breake,  
Eyes shall beholde, but spirits shall not speake.

*Of the birth & bringing up of Desire.*

**V**len wert thou borne Desire: in pompe & prime of May:  
By who sweet boy wert thou begot, by good conceit me say  
Tell me who was thy Nurse: fresh youth in sugred ioy:  
What wa thy meat and daylie food: fore signes with great annoy.  
What had you eate to drinke? vnfained Louers teares:  
What cradle were you rocked in? in hope deuoid of teares,  
What brought you then a sleepe: sweet speech that lik'd men best:  
And where is now your dwelling place? in gentle hearts I rest.  
Doth companie displease? it doth in many one:  
Where would Desire then choose to be: he likes to muse alone,  
What feedeth most your sight: to gaze on fauour still:  
Who finde you most to be your foe? Disdaine of my good will,  
Will euer age or death bring you vnto decay:  
No, no, Desire both liues and dies ten thousand times a day.

*Finis, E. of Ox.*

*A pleasant Sonet,*

I will forget that ere I saw thy face,  
I will forget thou art so braue a wight:  
I will forget thy statlie conely grace,  
I will forget thy hue that is so bright:  
I will forget thou art the fairest of all,  
I will forget thou winnest the golden ball.  
I will forget thy forehead featlie frame,  
I will forget thy Crisall eyes so cleere:  
I will forget that no part might be blamde,  
I will forget that thou hadst nere thy peere.

*E3.*



## PLEASANT POEMS,

I will forget Vermilion is thy hue,  
I will forget there is no Saint but thou,

I will forget thy dimpled chin so fine,  
I will forget to approach thy seemelie sight:  
I will forget throughout the world so wide,  
I will forget nones beautie halfe so bright:  
I will forget thou stainst the brightest starre,  
I will forget thou passest Cinthea farre.

I will forget that feature is thy pheere,  
I will forget thy beautie dims the Sunnet:  
I will forget that hue not comes thee neere,  
I will forget thy fame will nere be donne.  
I will forget thou art the fairest of all,  
That euer was, or is, or euer shall.

And then

I will forget whence grew my withered stalke,  
I will forget to eate, to drinke, or sleepe:  
I will forget to see, to speake to walke,  
I will forget to mourne, to laugh, to weepe,  
I will forget to heare, to feele or taste,  
I will forget my life and all at last.

And now

I will forget the place where thou doest dwell,  
I will forget thy selfe, and so farewell.

### *Another sweet Sonet,*

I Seeke the thing that I doe dayly see,  
And saine would gaine that is alreadie wonne,  
I follow that vvhich doth not from me flee:  
Nor neuer seekes my companie to shunne.  
I granted am vvhath I doe seeme to craue,  
Yet so I want, th at fairest I vvould haue.

Hard is my hap since I am fors't to ioy,  
Where as there doth no ioy at all remaine:



## PASTORALS AND SONETS

And seekes for blisse vvhether rests nought but annoy,  
And for good vwill reape nought but deepe dildaine:  
Lucklesse my lot, I labour but in vaine,  
I seeke to vvinne vvhath I see others gaine.

Seeing hope, and hap, and al at once doth faile,  
And that despaire is novv my chiefest guide:  
Whereby I see no ransome vvil me baile,  
Cut of the bondes vvherein I novv am tide,  
I am content in bondage for to serue,  
Vntil my faith my freedome doe deserue.

### A Poeme.

**H** Honour of loue, vvhether loue in honour is,  
**O** Olde men admire, and young men are amazed:  
**P** Perfection rare vvhether nothing is amis,  
**T** The glasse of grace vvhether eyes are ouer-gazed:  
**O** Onelie the face of such a heauenlie feature,  
**N** Not on the earth can be a fairer creature.

### A Sonet,

**E** Ye lie a vvake in hope of blessed seeing,  
Hope thought that hap vvas ouerlong in lingring:  
In came the Lasse, oh my thrise happie beeing,  
Sences thought long vntil they vv ere a fingring.

Tongue spar'd to speake, least it should speake too sparing,  
Hart drovvnd in feare rauisht, denied her honour:  
Hands sawv the price, and long to be a sharing,  
Pittie said, holde, but Courage cried vpon her.

Silent she stood, yet in her silent speaking,  
Wordes of more force then is great Ioue his thunder:  
Ioyes vvare her eyes, sorrowes a sunder breaking,  
Sweet vvas her face each member vvas a vvonder.

Heauen is hers, to her by heauens assigned,



## PLEASANT POEMS,

Skies are her thoughts where pleasant Planets raigned,  
 Franke is her minde, to no ill craft inclined.  
 Loue is the crosse wherein her heart is chained,

Blisse was to see her steps to bedward bending,  
 Musicke to heare her selfe, her selfe vnclasing.  
 Strange the aspect of two sonnes then descending  
 Sweet was the kisse, but sweeter the embracing.

### *Another fine Sonet.*

**V**V Ho deales with fire may burne his fingers ends  
 And water drowns the foote that goes too deepe  
 A lauish tongue will quickly loose his friends,  
 And he a foole that can no counten keepe:  
 Yet where desire doth egge the tongue to speake,  
 Somewhat must out or els the heart will breake,

To speake but truerh deserues no deadlie blame.  
 Though trueth mistane sometime be pettie treason:  
 Yet causelesse death deserueth no defame,  
 Though ruellesse rage will neuer yeeld to reason:  
 Then since desire doth egge me on so sore,  
 Trueth will I speake although I speake no more.

The trueth is this, there is no fire to loue,  
 Nor water like to Beauties heavenly brookes,  
 No friend to faith, to talke for hearts behoue,  
 Nor wit so wise to liue by onely lookes:  
 Nor sweet desire by silence entertained,  
 Nor kind aspect, that euer loue disdained,

### *A Pastorall.*

**S**weet birds that sit and sing amid the shadie vallies,  
 And see how sweetly I billis walks amid her garde allies  
 Goe round abo ut her Bower and sing, as ye are bidden,  
 To her is onely knowne his faith, that thō the world is hid-  
 And she among you all that hath the sweetest voice, (den.  
 go chirp of him that neuer told, yet neuer changd his choise  
 And



## PASTORALS AND SONETS

And not forget his faith, that bin'd for euer lou'd,  
 Yet neuer made his fancie knowne, nor euer fauour mou'd,  
 And euer let your ground of all your grace be this,  
 To you, to you, to you, the due of loue and honour is,  
 On you, on you, on you, our musick all ascribed,  
 For as on you our Musick began, in you all musick be ended.

### *Coridons supplication to Phillis.*

**S**weet Phillis if a sillie swaine, may sue to thee for grace:  
 See not thy louing shepherd flaine, with looking on thy face.  
 But thinke what power thou hast got, vpon my flocke & mee:  
 Thou seest they now regard me not, but all doe follow thee,  
 And if I haue so farre presum'd, with prying in thine eyes:  
 Yet let not comfort be consum'd, that in thy pittie lies,  
 But as thou art that *Phillis* faire, that Fortune fauour giues,  
 So let not loue die in dispaire, that in thy fauour liues,  
 The Deere doe bruiſe vpon the briar, the Birds doe pricke the che-  
 And wil not Beautie graunt Desire, one handfull of her berries (ries  
 If so it be that thou hast sworn, that none shall looke on thee:  
 Yet let me know thou doest not icorne, to cast a looke on mee,  
 But if thy beautie make thee proude, thinke then what is ordained:  
 The heauens haue neuer yet allow'd, that loue should be disdain'd,  
 Then least the fates that fauour loue, should curse thee for vnkinde,  
 Let me report for thy behoue, the bonous of thy minde,  
 Let *Coridon* with full consents, set downe what he hath seene:  
 That *Phillis* with Loues content, is sworne the shepherds Queene,

### *¶ Sonet.*

**H**er face, her tongue, her wit,  
 So faire, so sweet, so sharpe:  
 First bent, then drew, then hit,  
 Mine eye, mine care, mine hart,

Mine eye, mine care, mine heart,  
 To like, to leaue, to loue  
 Your face, your tongue, your wit,

*F*

Doth



## PLEASANT POEMS;

Doth leade, doth teach, doth moue.

Her face, her tongue, her wit,  
With line, with sound, with art;  
Doth binde, doth charme, doth rule,  
Mine eye, mine eare, mine heart.

Mine eye, mine eare, mine heart,  
With life, with hope, with skill,  
Your face, your tongue, your wit,  
Doth feed, doth life aft, doth fill.

Oh face, oh tongue, oh wit,  
With frownes, with checks, with smart;  
Wring not, vex not, moue not,  
Mine eye, mine eare, mine heart.

This eye, this eare, this heart,  
Shal ioy, shal binde, shal sweare;  
Your face, your tongue, your wit,  
To serue, to liue, to feare.

### A Lovers Complaint.

**W**ho knowes his cause of grieve,  
And can the same deserue,  
And yet finds no reliefe,  
Poore wretch but onlie I,

What foule will seeke the snare,  
That he be caught thereby?  
If thereof he be ware,  
Poore wretch but onlie I,

What fish will bite the baite,  
If he the hooke espie?  
Or if he see deceite,  
Poore wretch but onlie I,



## PASTORALS AND SONETS.

Who's hee will seeke to mount,  
The toppes of Turrets hie,  
To fall that makes account,  
Poore wretch but onelie I.

Who's hee will scale the heighes  
Of AEsne hill to friet  
So deare to buy delight,  
Poore wretch but onelie I.

The Hart will shunne the toyle,  
If he perceiue it lie:  
No one would take such foyle,  
Poore wretch but onelie I.

Who seekes to get and gaine,  
The things that fates denie:  
Must liue and die in paine,  
Poore wretch as now doe I.

And heare my plaints to finish,  
In Limbo lake I lie:  
My griefe you must diminish,  
Poore wretch or else I die.

### *A Shepheards Dreame.*

**A** Sillic shepheard latelie sat, among a flocke of sheepe  
Where musing long on this and that, at last he fell a sleepe.  
And in the slumber as he lay, he gaue a pitteous gronet  
He thought his sheepe were runne away, and he was left alone:  
He whoopt, he whistled, & he calde, but not a sheepe came neere him.  
Which made the shepheard sore appalde, to see that none would  
But as the swaine amazed stood, in this most solemne vaine: (heare  
Came Phillida out of the wood, & stood before the swaine. (him.  
Whom when the shepheard did behold, he straight began to weepe,  
And at the heart he grew a cold to thinke vpon his sheepe. (May  
For well he knew where came the Queene, the shepheard durst not



## PLEASANT POEMS,

And where that he durst not be scene, the sheepe must needs away  
To aske her if she saw his flocke, might happen patience moone:  
And haue an answer with a mocke, that such demanders proue  
Yerfor because he saw her come, alone out of the wood:  
He thought he would not stand as dumbe, when speech might doe  
& therefore falling on his knees, to aske but for his sheepe, (him good.  
He did awake and so did leese, the honour of his sleepe,

### *A pleasant sweet song.*

**L** Aide in my restless bed,  
In dreame of my desire:  
I saw within my troubled head,  
A heape of thoughts appeare,

And each of them so strange,  
In sight before mine eyes:  
That now I sigh, and then I smile,  
And cause thereby doth rise.

I see how that a little boy,  
In thought how oft that he,  
Doth wish of God to scape the rod,  
A tall young man to be.

I saw the young man traueiling,  
From sport to paines oppress,  
How he would be a rich olde man,  
To liue and lie at rest,

The olde man too, who seeth,  
His age to draw on sore:  
Would be a little boy againe,  
To liue so long the more.

Whereat I sigh and smile,  
How Nature craues her fee:  
From boy to man, from man to boy,  
Would chop and change degree.



## PASTORALS AND SONEETS.

### *A Sonet of Time and pleasure.*

**T**ime is but short, and short the course of time,  
Pleasures doe passe but as a puffe of winde;  
Care hath account to make for euerie crime,  
And peace abides but with the settled minde,

Of little paine doth patience great proceed,  
And after sickenesse, health is daintie sweet:  
A friend is best approued at a neede, (meet,  
And sweet the thought where care & kindnes

Then thinke what cōfort doth of kindnes breed  
To know thy sicknes, sorro w to thy friend:  
And let thy faith vpon this fauour seed, (end,  
That loue shal liue when death shall haue an

And he that liues assured of thy loue,  
Prayes for thy life, thy health, and highest hap,  
And hopes to see the height of thy behoue,  
Lulde in the sweet of Loues desired lap,

Till when, take paines to make thy pillow soft  
And take a nap for Natures better rest:  
He liues below that yet doth looke aloft,  
And of a friend doe not affect the least.

### *Of a Louer in dispaire.*

**T**hough froward fate hath forc't my grieffe,  
And blacke dispaire this deadlie paine,  
Yettime I trust wil bring reliefe,  
When loyall faith shall haue her gaine!

Till then the stormes of bannisht state,  
And penance in this Hermits Cell:  
Shall trie her cause of wrongfull hate,  
Whose malice lo keepes me in hell.



## PLEASANT POEMS.

*A Sonet of faire womens ficklenesse  
in love.*

**I**F women would be faire, and yet not fond,  
Or if their loue were firme, not fickle still:  
I would not wonder that they make men bond,  
By seruice long to purchase their good will:  
But when I see how firme these creatures are,  
I laugh that men forget themselves so farre.

To marke their choise they make, and how they change,  
How oft from Venus they doe cleaue to Pan;  
Vnsetled still like haggards vile they raunge,  
These gentle birds that flie from man to man:  
Who would not scorne and shake them from his fist,  
And let them goe (faire fooles) which way they list,

If for disport we faine and flatter both,  
To passe the time when nothing can displeaset  
And traine them still vnto our subtile oth,  
Till wearie of their wits our selues we ease.

And then we say, when we their fancies trie,  
To play with fooles, oh what a dolt was I.

### *Of the foure Elementes.*

**T**He Aire with sweet my senses doe delight,  
The Earth with flowers doth glad my heauie eye,  
The fire with warmth reuiues my dying spirit,  
The water cooles that is too hote and drie:  
The Aire, the Earth, the water and the fire,  
All doe me good, what can I more desire,

Oh no, the Aire infected sore I finde,  
The Earth, her flowers doe wither and decay:  
The fire so whote it doth inflame the minde,  
And water washeth white and all away.

The Aire, the Earth, the water, all annoy me,  
How can it be but they must needs destroy me:

Sweete



## PASTORALS AND SONEETS.

Sweet Aire doe yet a while thy sweetnesse holde,  
Earth, let not thy Flowers fall away in pri me:  
Fire, doe not burne, my heart is not a colde,  
Water, ~~lie~~ vp vntill another time,  
Or Aire, or Earth, fire, water, heare my prayer,  
Or slay me once, fire, water, earth, or aire,

Harke in the aire what deadlie thunder threateth,  
See on the earth how euerie flower falleth,  
Oh with the fire how euerie sinewe sweateth:  
Oh how the water my panting heart appalleth.  
The aire, the earth, fire, water, all doe grieue me:  
Heauens shew your power yet some way to relieue me,

This is not aire that euerie creature feedeth,  
Nor this the earth where euerie flower groweth:  
Nor this the fire, that cole and bauen breedeth,  
Nor this the water, that both ebth and floweth.  
These Elements are in a worde enclosed,  
Where happie heart hath heauenlie rest reposed.

*Brittons farewell to hope.*

**M**Y Hope farewell, leaue of thy lingring stay,  
Now yeelde thy selfe as prisoner vnto thrall:  
Pricke on thy wings, make now no more delay,  
Beset thou art with Enuies furies all.  
Oh follie flie, fond fancie leaue thy roome,  
Thou art condemnde, Dispaire hath giuen thy doome,

Thy threed wheron thy hope did hang so long,  
Dame Enuies rust hath fretted quite in twaines:  
And spitefull spire hath gnawne thee to the bone,  
That sue thou maist, but all is spent in vaine.  
She is reuert, and giues me still the nay,  
And keepes me like the Spaniell all the day.

When caught I was, I was content to yeeld,  
My loue was lim'd and linked to her will:

And



## PLEASANT POEMS.

And prisoner I was brought out of the field,  
Of libertie to serue in thraldome fill,  
There lost I ioyes, my toyles did then beginne,  
When as I sought a froward heart to winne,

I sought, I sued I was at backe and bay,  
I crept, I kneelde a heauen it was to please:  
I thought my selfe the happiest man that day,  
If one faite word I caught my heart to ease:  
But when the deeds of words should then ensue,  
All then was turn'd like vnto *Cresids* crow,

Thus doe I sue and serue, but all in vaine,  
With lingring on my loathsome life in wo:  
Thus doe I seeke to winne, but losse I gaine,  
And for a friend obtaine a spieful foe:  
Then fareweil hope the gaine of my desert,  
Dispaire doth grow within my pensive hart,

FINIS. N. B. *Gent.*





